

stepped in, pulled his hat down over his head firmly, gripped the seat, and gave the word, 'all ready.'

"Zip! The sputtering devil turned its head toward the Brigham Young monument, cutting a half moon in the road, and was off. It took the right-of-way from all street cars, because it went faster. The butcher boy forgot where he was to deliver the meat, while his horse stood paralyzed, and the general populace just stood and stared with wonder and admiration at the sight of the venerable old man (then 86 years old) flying down Main Street at the rate of thirty miles an hour, sublimely content, but a trifle worried, if the expression on his face indicated anything."

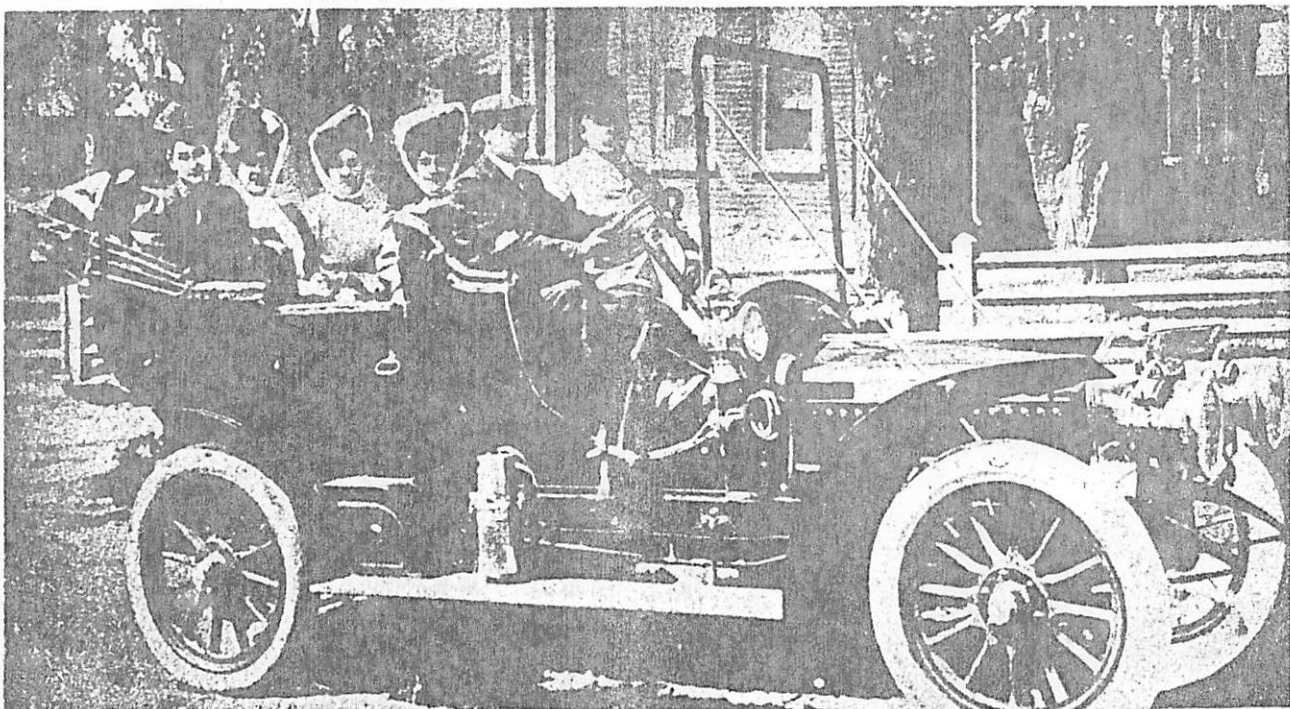
"A half hour later the automobile drew up at the President's office again, and a group of interested spectators was on hand to be convinced that one could actually ride in the thing and come out alive.

"The passenger of honor, when asked for his impression of the new invention, smiled broadly. 'Well, it is a wonderful thing,' said the president, 'and it is glorious to ride in. We went all down Main Street and around Liberty Park and back

up State Street and around here, and ah, I cannot begin to tell you what a ride we had. I didn't know what minute we might upset a street car, but the first fear soon passed away. I was thinking of getting a bicycle,' he added jocularly, 'but I guess the automobile is what I want, after all. It is quite different from driving an oxcart. That is the way I saw Salt Lake City first. But fifty years makes a great difference in most everything. In 1849 when we came here I drove one of the ox teams over these same roads, but we made on an average of 100 miles a week, while I believe that carriage would have no difficulty in covering about thirty-five miles an hour on good roads.

"Anyway, I have solved one query. When we build the City of Zion in Jackson County, there are explicit instructions that it shall contain no stables or horses. Now, I have often wondered before today how we could manage, but it appears clear enough now, and those who insist on having horses can keep them on the outside.

"And the next time we go through Dixie we can take automobiles, and do away with the necessity of carrying oats in the bottom of the buggy' ".



Waverly Electric

Pictorial of the West

The Lafayette Hanchett's Waverly Electric in 1907 looked like a buggy waiting for its horses. Veils over hats and tied under chins were a "must" to keep headgear where it belonged.

Mentally compare this Waverly Electric with the TV advertisements of the power automobiles of any make today, and you will interestedly look at the picture of the first multiplane exhibit held on the old Bonair acres (on the road to Saltair). This was the thrill of a lifetime!